



"JACKIDES."

"His last appearance!" Most of us can appraise at its worth the value of this announcement when it concerns a popular comedian or vocalist. Thenceforth, we might fairly deduce many "last appearances" ere the well-graced favourite should bow his final farewell. But, with *Mr. Punch's* great cartoonist, this is not so. It is his wish that his words should be taken literally. His last cartoon for *Mr. Punch* appears this week. During a period of something over fifty years, working with almost unbroken regularity, week after week, and year by year, he has given the British public his very best. A grand, and, in the history of pictorial journalism, unique record.

Yet, "His last appearance!" Can it be possible? Is it permissible? "Look at this picture and on that!" Compare with his cartoon for this week any one of his most memorable cartoons! Perfect in its classic design, as fresh in its fancy and as vigorous as ever in its execution, is it possible that this is the last we are to see of his work? Will he do no more "cartoons"? No. He will not. The artist has decided. "Sic volo, sic jubeo." We do not doubt the wisdom of his judgment, and we bow to his irrevocable decision. But though to the public is lost the charm of his graceful pencil, among us, his fellow-workers on "*Mr. Punch's*" staff, he remains, retaining his seat at our council-board, the historic table, ever most warmly welcome as "Our Jackides," that is, to

paraphrase *Falstaff*, "JACKIDES with his familiars, JOHN with his relations, and Sir JOHN TENNIEL to the whole world."

So Sir JACKIDES, *preux chevalier et sans reproche*, hangs up his pencil-sword, still bright with the polish of true wit, which, ever ready to be drawn on the side of right, he has never felt himself called upon to use in self-defence. Would that, like *Prospero*, he were simply laying aside for a while his magic art to resume it at will.

JOHN TENNIEL summoned, at a critical moment, to join "the Staff," by the first Editor MARK LEMON, was on it with DOUGLAS JERROLD, GILBERT ABBOTT ABECKETT, JOHN LEECH, SHIRLEY BROOKS, and WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. It is possible, that, at some future time, Sir JACKIDES, as a courteous Nestor, may reason with a youthful Atrides and newly elected Pelides, each intolerant of the other's opinion, in his wise prototype's words—

"You are not both, put both your years in one,
So old as I. I liv'd long since, and was companion
With men superior to you both, who yet would hear
My counsels with respect."

Whereupon the two heroes shall reconsider the matter, quietly and calmly.

Sir JACKIDES will, I trust, pardon me, his fellow-worker during nearly forty years, for writing this *à son insu*, but my excuse is that he would never have "consented to the deed" had I besought his leave and license. In the character of "Manager," I plead the occasion as sufficient apology for my appearance, with these few inadequate words, before the curtain which, by the time this number appears, will have already risen on the First Scene of the Great World-wide Drama of *The New Century*. F. C. B.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WERE the Baron asked, "What shall I give a youth or a mere boy as a New Year's present?" he would reply, "Kind Sir, or good Madam, as the case may be, whether the youth, or mere boy, has been good, bad, or indifferent, during the past year, I should strongly recommend you to give him a Wiggín." And when the Baron thus expresses himself he would have it understood that the "Wiggín" he means is Mrs. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN, whose two works, old friends, with new faces by Mr. CHARLES BROCK, *Penelope's English Experiences* and *Penelope's Experiences in Scotland* (GAY AND BIRD,—the very description for publishers of such light and airy books) will be one of the delights of his life. The Baron emphasizes them as "old friends," as they first saw the light in 1893, but "the new faces," the pictures in these books, endow them with a vitality that will considerably extend the popularity they have already achieved. The name of the artist, Mr. CHARLES BROCK, recalls one associated with artistic brilliancy in fireworks as is that of this present artist with artistic brilliancy in apt and humorous illustration.

Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL does well to bring out a new edition of his *James Macdonell, Journalist* (HODDER & STOUGHTON). It is what it professes to be, the life of a journalist, "perhaps," he claims, "the only life of a journalist pure and simple ever written." The materials are arranged with great skill, and the story is told with that simplicity of style which seems so easy till you try to reproduce it. My Baronite remembers JAMES MACDONELL in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons and other fields of work, a quietly mannered, earnest toiler who, starting from the lowest rung of the journalistic ladder, worthily reached the top.

The Baron is puzzled by the proven fact that, up to within a very few weeks ago, he had not heard of "The Rev. P. A. SHEEHAN, P.P., Doneraile, Diocese of Cloyne" the author of *My New Curate*, a book published (by MARTIN CALLAHAN & Co.) in 1899, and which reached its eighth edition in October, 1900. Having heard of it, to order it and receive it was

the work of a moment; to read it and enjoy it, at leisure, was the work, protracted on purpose, of several days. No "scenes of clerical life," not GEORGE ELLIOT'S, not TROLLOPE'S, nor even the story of Monsieur L'ABBÉ CONSTANTIN, have ever given the Baron so much honest, healthy-minded, and purely high-comedy entertainment as is provided, for all readers capable of appreciating such a work, by this "Parish Priest of Doneraile Diocese." His latinity and his delight in the classics reminds the Baron of THACKERAY'S friend, Father PROUT. It is full of that quiet humour in pathos, of those smiles amid tears, which are the touches of nature that make the whole world kin, irrespective of creed and country. Not infrequently was the stony-hearted Baron compelled to deposit this book on his knee, search swiftly for his kerchief . . . and blow his nose vigorously. *Ad lectores meos, "tolle lege!"*

Who's who who says he can get along through daily life without possessing a copy of *Who's Who* (A. & C. BLACK)? His range of interests must be exceedingly narrow. When Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL went out to Central Africa he took with him a single book, *Shakespeare*. My Baronite, starting on shorter journeys, makes a point of picking up *Who's Who*, the most compendious library of its kind known to him in single-volume form. In the new edition is incorporated *Men and Women of the Time*, an admirable work in its way, long since elbowed out of the field by its strenuous, up-to-date and far more comprehensive rival. Messrs. BLACK also issue *The English Woman's Year-Book*. It tells a woman everything she wants to know, save how to get married. It is on a far loftier plane than that.

Miss ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER leaped into fame by her novel *Concerning Isabel Carnaby*, round which to-day rests the pleasing halo of a seventeenth edition, completing the sale of fifty thousand. My Baronite knew her earlier, and hailed her genius as a writer of verse in some of the weeklies. They are brought together and published in a dainty volume, the text set in good black type within luxuriously broad margin. "*Love's Argument and Other Poems* (HODDER & STOUGHTON). The poems, in many rhythms, have each something pointed to say, and the point is well turned. It is high praise for a young writer in verse to say that Miss FOWLER'S shows no trace of imitation of established models. It's all her own, and very good, too.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

A FAREWELL.

TIME, who devours his children, now claims thee,
Poor dying Century! With eager pace
The New Age hurries on to take thy place,
And thou goest forth into the Darkness. We,
Who knew and loved thee, turn reluctantly.
To the new comer's unfamiliar face,
Look in his eyes and strive in vain to trace
Thy likeness in the features that we see.

In vain! What there is shown none may desery.
But we can smile though skies be overcast,
Can front the future as we faced the past,
And bear a light heart with us till we die,
Can find a laugh for the New Century,
And just one tear at parting with the Last!

CHANCE FOR AN INTENDING UNCLE.—If, according to a statement at a recent trial, *Charley's Aunt* has made over £100,000, where does CHARLEY'S Uncle come in? Or is CHARLEY'S Aunt a widow? In this latter case, it won't be long before some fascinating bachelor, or widower, may induce the excellent lady to change her name for his, but, of course, without ceasing to be the same *Charley's Aunt* that she has ever been. She certainly has proved herself to be a most attractive person.



A FUTURE LORD MAYOR.

Fond Mother. "OH, GRANDMA, ISN'T HE JUST MADE FOR IT!"

THE HOME-COMING OF THE CHIEF.

TO FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS, V.C.
January 2, 1901.

WELCOME, welcome, long desired!
Now the watching eyes astrain
Over the misty-curtained main
Have the sight that sets at rest
Hearts the sport of hope and fear.
Now the signal-lights are fired;
Now with shattering thunder-shock
Battleship and cannon'd rock,
Booming out their iron cheer
Greet you where your vessel rides
Swinging on familiar tides
Off the land you love the best!

So for you the circled year
Rounds the term of labour wrought,
Victory snatched from out defeat,
Pledge redeemed as with a charm
By your skill of scheming thought
And the strong destroying arm.
Marshal of a mightier host
Than our conquering keels of oak
Ever bore from Britain's coast,
Yours were yet the nobler arts,
Where wit Justice, swift of stroke,
Milder claims of Mercy meet.
So you come, long waited for,
While the gathering of the strands
Streaming from your web of war
Lies with other younger hands,
Younger hands and sterner hearts!

First before your Empress-Queen
You shall lay your laurels low;
Her whose hand has learned to lean
On your undimmed warrior-strength;
Her for whose dear honour's sake,
When the nations laughed to know
England's lordship like to fall,
You obeyed the instant call,
Led the van and turned the day.
So, your warfare done, at length
From her lips you go to take
What of thanks a Queen may pay.

Next, saluted by the port
Whence with heartening faith you fared
Toward your task beyond the foam,
Now your haven, nearing home—
Come where she, through street and
Court,
Mother of Cities, hails her choice!
Come to us whose myriad voice
For the year of dangers dared
Shall in one bright hour atone!
Come beneath the banners blown,
Down the roar of serried ranks,
Hearts aglow with love and pride!
Come and hear your country's thanks!
Come, for she remembers well
How in that last winter-tide
When the night around her fell
All her hopes on you were set
As upon a magic spell!
Should she, then, so soon forget?

Ah! but while a nation's cries
Storm against our sullen skies,
Midst the madness and the mirth

Flung about your victor's way,
If behind the brave array
All the hidden heart were known,
Save for love of England's name
Gladly would you yield the prize,
Glory, triumph, wealth and fame,
Could you win one grace alone,
Could you have your boy again
Home from where he takes his rest
Lying under alien earth
By Colenso's dreadful plain
With the Cross above his breast!

O. S.

MOGGSON'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

MOGGSON was alone in his library. He had been working hard till quite late in the evening, and felt tired—too tired to read. So he leant back in his chair, and enjoyed the blaze from the fire. Now and then he would take a look round at his well-filled shelves. It was good to be near so many friends—even though too tired to converse with them; for one of the rare joys of intimate friendship consists in companionable silence.

So Moggson smoked and thought—no, thought is too severe an expression; he let the mental reins go slack, so that his fancy should carry him wheresoever she willed.

His gaze wandered to the far corner of the room where a number of new books, written specially for Christmas time, had threatened by their smart appearance and fashionable ways to eclipse altogether a few, well-worn, shabby old friends, who had been there for years. Had threatened! Yes, but surely—It was odd.

MOGGSON rubbed his eyes. In the fire-light the new-comers seemed to have lost their brightness and alertness. They looked positively insignificant. And, curiously enough, there was a strange brightness about an odd, old-fashioned little chap at the end of the shelf. A murmur of disgust came from the new-comers. MOGGSON caught the words. "Hopelessly out of date." "Such bad taste, dressing like that." "Never mind"—(this from one of the latest arrivals—he had looked a gorgeous fellow, now he seemed draggled and miserable)—"that vulgar little chap in the red coat."

MOGGSON was interested. He rose and walked towards the shelves. The odd little chap in the corner was chuckling: certainly he looked old-fashioned enough, yet there was a strange glow of vitality about him which his spick-and-span companions lacked.

MOGGSON was delighted. Here was the right comrade for him. He felt ashamed that he had paid so little attention to him lately. "Come and chat with me, will you?" he said. The little chap sprang off the shelf. His movements were grotesque, and his dress certainly open to criticism. Yet Moggson felt amazingly at home with him, and at some observa-

tion he put back his head and laughed as he hadn't laughed for months. How the hours sped on. The fire was replenished and he listened to his friend talking.

Sometimes he would laugh, till some of the serious friends on the shelves almost died of disgust; at other times the laugh got mixed up with an odd feeling in the throat; and things looked a little dim for a moment or so; until another laugh came, and—

* * * * *

He opened his eyes. The grey dawn gave the flickering gas lamps outside a slate background. MOGGSON stretched himself and looked at the book on his lap, "A CHRISTMAS CAROL." "Men, women and children of England," said MOGGSON, addressing an imaginary audience, "let me give you a Christmas toast. Here's to the gentleman who has discovered the secret of perpetual youth—CHARLES DICKENS!"

A. R.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

(An Old Fogey addresses his Great-Nephew on the New Year.)

I MAY not sing the New Year's praise,
E'en though a century begins.

No! I look back on other days,

On bygone virtues, bygone sins;

On decades that went all too fast,

Though now they are so very slow.

Give me the ne'er forgotten Past,

The ups and downs of Long Ago!

Then men were brave and women fair,

I don't deny they're so to-day,

But is Life now so debonnaire,

And are its serfs so blithe and gay?

Why did the World seem then so bright,

Why did we quaff our wine, not sip?

Well, some folk like electric light,

Give me the good old tallow dip!

You much prefer a touzled head

Above a figure limp and lean!

Give me the visage plump and red

That beamed above a crinoline!

Give me the Dandy's splendid glare

That proudest damsels could abash,

For such a being can't compare

With half-bred screws, who live on
"mash."

We backed our fancy with a will:

Begad! the money used to fly,

And though our judgment might be nil,

We wagered on it, "do or die";

But you young fellows don't e'en go

To see how racing flyers shape.

At home you all are "in the know,"

And lawyer-like, employ re(a)d "tape."

And then we fought—Yes! we could fight,

Face odds with stern, determined brow,

Stand up as one for Britain's right.

Can you do this who battle now?

What's this I read? "Each stubborn rank"

'Gainst three to one the Boer can't tire!

Here, put this cheque into your bank,

And put this doggel in the fire.



"THEY KNEW HIM!"

She. "MR. WILDSHOT HAS BEEN MAKING AN EXCUSE, AS USUAL, FOR HIS BAD SHOOTING. THIS TIME IT IS THAT THE BIRDS ARE SO WILD."
He. "OH, INDEED! I RATHER THINK I COULD SUGGEST A BETTER."
She. "YES!"
He. "WE SUPPLY HIM WITH BLANK CARTRIDGE NOW. IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO THE BIRDS, AND IT PROTECTS US!"



CONTENTMENT.

Giles. "A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU, MARM, AND I HOPE YOU'LL BE AS LUCKY THIS YEAR AS I WAS LAST."

Lady. "OH, THANK YOU VERY MUCH, GILES; BUT YOU SURELY FORGET THAT YOU LOST YOUR WIFE IN THE SPRING, AND BROKE YOUR LEG IN THE SUMMER."

Giles. "YES, BUT T'OTHER LEG'S ALL RIGHT, AND AS FOR PAW SOOSAN, IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN I TO BE TOOK INSTEAD."

YULE-TIDE PAST AND PRESENT.

(A Couple of Specimens.)

SPECIMEN NO. 1. OLD STYLE.

NEVER was there such a merry time. The walls hung with holly and mistletoe glistened in the soft candle-light. The party included everyone. There were grandpa and grandma, and the Colonel and the Captain R.N., and numbers of grandchildren, nephews, nieces and cousins twice removed. It was Yule-tide — glorious Yule-tide — season of happy goodwill.

How they danced! How they travelled down the centre of the hall. How the musicians in the gallery played *Sir Roger de Coverley* until they nearly dropped asleep from sheer fatigue. Indeed, indeed, it was a right merry time.

And how the portraits of the ancestors smiled from their canvases! Generation after generation of statesmen, warriors and divines. There they were, beaming on their descendants.

And the dinner! Ah, that was the time for mirth. How they laughed! How they pledged one another! How the entire family—from the senior of seventy to the junior of five—met together to fraternise!

"I am glad to see you all!" cried the white-headed host. "Why, my dear relatives? Why, because it is Christmas!"

SPECIMEN NO. 2. MODERN.

They were seated facing one another in the coffee-room of the hotel. They had left town for about a week and were quietly enjoying themselves.

"Glad to escape the family circle," said he.

"Quite so," was her laconic response.

The waiter had served them with the regulation *table-d'hôte* dinner. They had come to the sweets.

"Which will you have, Madam, mince-pie or plum-pudding?"

"What an odd menu!" he exclaimed.

"Why do they give us such indigestible dishes?"

"Can't say, Sir," replied the waiter. Then he hazarded. "It may be, Sir, because it is Christmas."

A SONG OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

"Twelve Clitheroe publicans applied for extension of time on New Year's Eve, on the plea that 'a good many people would desire to see the end of the old century and the beginning of the new.' The magistrates have granted an extension of time until one o'clock."—*Daily Paper*.

DRINK out the old, drink in the new,
Drink out a strait-laced Clitheroe;
The beer is flowing; let it flow;
Drink out the sober, in the fou'.

Drink out the century severe,
Drink in an age more free and gay;
Drink out the joyless U. K. A.
And temperance reform austere.

Drink out the old teetotal cause,
Drink in the CECILS' new régime;
Drink in, drink in, the drunkard's dream

Of more indulgent liquor laws.

Drink out Sir WILFRID's long crusade,
A nation's shame, a CECIL's sport;
Drink out the foolish PEEL report
Drink in the golden new Free Trade.

Drink out all beverages thin,
The sign of these degenerate times;
Drink out Sir WILFRID's sober rhymes,
But drink the "fuller" minstrel in.

Drink in the complaisant J.P.,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Drink out a dull and sober land,
Drink in the vice that is to be.

"WHAT! HARE!" — Widely, and as a rule favourably reviewed, are the three concluding "volumes, iv. to vi." (a very good time in the day for reading) of AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE's *Story of my Life*. It seems, judging from the notices, that Mr. HARE might with greater accuracy have styled the work "Stories of other people's lives," and have appended to it the alternative title of "The Hare and many friends." Such a book, while imparting to its readers a quantity of more or less useful or entertaining knowledge, must contain a considerable amount of padding, which need not, in this instance be heavy, but might consist of "Trifles, light as Hare."

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"Sing a song of Christmas,"
The Editor did cry,
"Of turkey and plum-pudding
And endless revelry."
When the song was opened
He found this little thing—
Wasn't it a funny song
For a Christmas bard to sing?

"When the postman daily fills
My letter-box with Christmas bills,
When with winning smile he knocks
For his wonted Christmas box,
When the duns are at my door,
Asking more and more and more,
When from their wiles I vainly fly,
Then doth my harassed spirit cry,
Though Christmas comes but once a
year,
Once too often it is here.

"When the Christmas snow and sleet
Permeate my frozen feet,
When the Christmas 'flu' doth rack
Legs and arms and bones and back,
When with feet in mustard cruel
I am sipping Christmas gruel,
Then as I groan and cough and sneeze,
Through my red-hot throat I wheeze,
Though Christmas comes but once a
year,
Once too often it is here."

A STORY OF THE LONG.

(Told in the Short Vacation.)

It was in Bristol City. A Representative of the Sage of Bouverie Street met the Poor and Disreputable Member of the Family. As usual, the Disreputable One was committing his popular atrocities before an enthusiastic audience. The spectators were of tender years, but, in spite of their School Board training, cheered to the echo the slaughter of the wife, the murder of the son and heir, the crushing of the policeman, the undoing of the clown, and the final triumph over Old Bogey.

"But where is the dog?" asked a Representative.

"He's been sacrificed, Sir, for the good of the Public," replied the Disreputable One's Business Manager.

"What do you mean by that?"

"That when they put his muzzle on, Sir, he could not bite the nose of his employer."

"Oh, that's the short of it, is it?"

"Well, no, Sir; I should say it was more Long than Short."

And when the story was narrated that evening at the annual dinner of the local Press Fund in the presence of the President of the Board of Agriculture (late President of the Local Government Board) it went with roars. Three cheers for Bristol City.



THE FESTIVE SEASON.

First Burglar. "'ERE'S A GO, MATE! THIS 'ERE BIT O' TURKEY, KNUCKLE HEND OF AN 'AM, ARF A BOSSIDGE, AND THE 'OLLY OFF THE PLUM-PUDDIN'! MIGHT AS WELL 'AVE LOOKED IN ON A BLOOMIN' VEGETARIAN!"

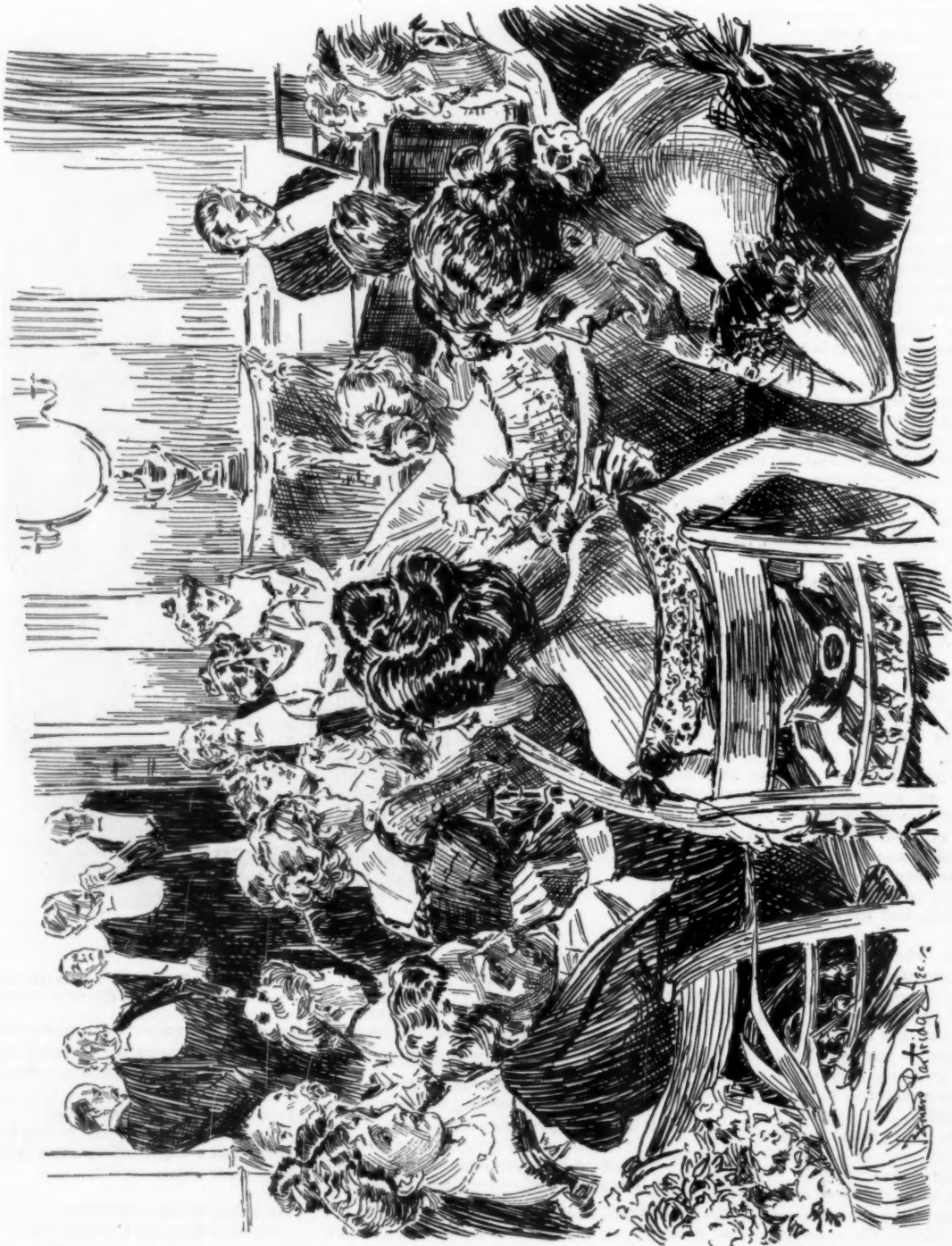
TO THE NEW CENTURY.

New century, whom now we greet,
Upon your threshold gladly standing,
Come with your blessings, we entreat,
Over the world your reign expanding;
We, with old pains and griefs depressed,
Hail you a glad and welcome guest.

Rich, glorious times we hope to get
Out of your store before you leave us;
We possibly shall catch DE WET,
Microbes may haply cease to grieve us,
And, maybe, London thoroughfares
Shall some day finish their repairs.

And those whose roving fancies turn
To the North Pole perchance may reach
it;
Teetotalers at least may learn
True temperance as well as teach it;
Thus many a hope, with longing eyes,
We look to you to realise.

Yet if for ills that we endure
The remedy in vain we ask you,
New century, of this we're sure,
That when our sons in turn shall task you
With all the ills wherewith they're vexed
They'll hope to lose them in the next.



Enthusiastic admirer of Signor Pazzanano (who has been pounding away for nearly half an hour). "WHAT AN ARTIST, ISN'T HE? SUCH VERVE! SUCH FINISH!" Fair American (bored). "WELL, I'LL ALLOW THE VERVE'S THERE ALL THE TIME; AND I'M JUST PRAYING THE FINISH 'LL COME SOON."

HELMET





S PPEAL.





WELCOME HOME!

Mr. Punch (to Lord Roberts), "WELL DONE, INDEED, SIR! YOU HAVE HAD A TOUGH JOB IN SOUTH AFRICA; BUT HEAVEN HELP YOU WHEN YOU GET INTO THE WAR OFFICE!"

DRAMATIC SEQUELS.

I.—THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

WHEN Mr. SYDNEY GRUNDY'S Comedy *A Debt of Honour* was being given recently at the St. James's Theatre, Mr. ALEXANDER had the happy idea of playing after it a drama in one act by the same author, showing the further fortunes of the characters in the piece. This idea of dramatic sequels is one which seems capable of further extension. For example, we have ourselves prevailed upon the Shade of Sheridan to provide a sequel to *The School for Scandal*. It is called:

THE RELAPSE OF LADY TEAZLE.

SCENE—Room in Sir PETER TEAZLE'S house. Sir PETER and Lady TEAZLE discovered wrangling as in Act II.

Sir P. Lady TEAZLE, Lady TEAZLE, I'll not bear it.

Lady T. Sir PETER, Sir PETER, you've told me that a hundred times. This habit of repeating yourself is most distressing. 'Tis a sure sign of old age.

Sir P. (in a passion). Oons, madam, will you never be tired of flinging my age in my face?

Lady T. Lud, Sir PETER, 'tis you that fling it in mine. How often have you said to me (beating time) "when an old bachelor marries a young wife—"

Sir P. And if I have, Lady TEAZLE, you needn't repeat it after me. But you live only to plague me. And yet 'twas but six months ago you vowed never to cross me again. Yes, madam, six months ago, when I found you concealed behind a screen in Mr. SURFACE'S library, you promised that if I would forgive you your future conduct should prove the sincerity of your repentance. I forgave you, Madam, and this is my reward!

Lady T. And am I to blame, Sir PETER, for your ill-humours? Must I always be making concessions? To please you, I have given up all routs and assemblies, attend no balls nor quadrilles, talk no scandal, never ogle nor flirt. I go no more to my Lady SNEERWELL'S, though I vow her's was a most delightful house to visit. Such fashion and elegance! Such wit! Such delicate malice!

Sir P. (fretfully). Just so, Madam; that is what I complain of. All the while you are longing to return to these follies. You are not happy when you are alone with me.

Lady T. Great heavens, Sir PETER; you must not ask for miracles. What woman of fashion is ever happy alone with her husband?

Sir P. There it is, Lady TEAZLE. You think only of fashion. And yet, when I married you—

Lady T. (yawning). Lud, Sir PETER, why will you be always returning to that painful subject?

Sir P. Vastly painful, no doubt, Madam,

since it prevents you from marrying Mr. SURFACE, behind whose screen I found you.

Lady T. (yawning more heartily). Mr. SURFACE? But 'twas CHARLES you used to suspect.

Sir P. (angrily). And now 'tis JOSEPH. Zounds, Madam, is a man never to be allowed to change his mind? (Raising his voice in fury) I say 'tis JOSEPH! JOSEPH!! JOSEPH!!!

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE. Sir PETER and Lady TEAZLE are obviously disconcerted at this inopportune arrival, and say nothing. JOSEPH has greatly changed in appearance in the six months which have elapsed between the play and the sequel. He has lost his sleekness and his air of conscious virtue, and looks like a careless, good-humoured man-about-town.

Joseph (obviously enjoying their discomfort). Sir PETER, your servant. Lady TEAZLE, your most obedient (bows mockingly).

Sir P. (stiffly). To what, Mr. SURFACE, do we owe the honour of this visit?

Joseph (blandly, correcting him). Pleasure, Sir PETER.

Sir P. (testily). I said "honour," Sir. Joseph (easily). I came at the invitation of Sir OLIVER, who is staying in your house. He desired to see me.

Lady T. (viciously, to Sir P.). If this gentleman's business is with Sir OLIVER, perhaps he will explain why he has intruded in this room.

Joseph (amused). With pleasure. My attention was arrested by the sound of voices raised in dispute. I heard my name mentioned loudly more than once, and, recognizing one of the voices as that of Lady TEAZLE (with a low bow), I thought it better to interpose to defend my character at once.

Lady T. (stamping her foot). Insolent!

Sir P. (chuckling). Ha, ha! Very good. I' faith, Mr. SURFACE, I could almost find it in my heart to forgive you for your injuries towards me when you talk like that.

Joseph. Injuries, Sir PETER? I never did you an injury. That affair of the screen was the merest misunderstanding. I had no serious desire to capture the affections of Lady TEAZLE. On the contrary, 'twould have been highly inconvenient for me. 'Twas your ward MARIA that I wished to win.

Lady T. Monster!

Joseph (continuing). Unhappily, Lady TEAZLE mistook the nature of my attentions and I, knowing her temper (bowing to Lady T.), feared to deceive her lest she should use her influence to prejudice me in the eyes of your ward. That, Sir PETER, is the true explanation of the situation in which you found Lady TEAZLE on that unlucky morning.

Lady T. (with suppressed fury). Pray,

Sir PETER, do you propose to continue to permit this gentleman to speak of me in this way?

Sir P. Certainly, Madam. Everything that Mr. SURFACE has said seems to me to bear the stamp of truth.

Lady T. Ah!

Joseph. So, you see, Sir PETER, you never had any real cause of jealousy towards me. My conduct was foolish, I admit, but it was never criminal.

Sir P. JOSEPH, I believe you. Give me your hand. Six months ago I thought you guilty of the basest treachery towards me. But a year of marriage with Lady TEAZLE has convinced me that, in her relations with you as in her relations with me, it is always Lady TEAZLE who is in the wrong! [They shake hands warmly.]

Lady T. I will not stay here to be insulted in this manner. I will go straight to Lady SNEERWELL'S, and tear both your characters to tatters.

[Exit in a violent passion.]

Sir P. Oons, what a fury! But when an old bachelor marries a young wife—

Joseph. Come, come, Sir PETER, no sentiments!

Sir P. What you say that! My dear JOSEPH, this is indeed a reformation. Had it been CHARLES now, I should not have been surprised.

Joseph. Egad, Sir PETER, in the matter of sentiments CHARLES, for a long time, had a most unfair advantage of me. For, having no character to lose he had no need of sentiments to support it. But now I have as little character as he, and we start fair. Now I am a free man; I say what I think, do what I please. Scandal has done its worst with me, and I no longer fear it. Whereas, when I had a character for morality to maintain, all my time was wasted in trying to live up to it. I had to conceal every trifling flirtation, and had finally wrapped myself in such a web of falsehood that when your hand tore away the veil, I give you my word, I was almost grateful. Depend upon it, Sir PETER, there's no possession in the world so troublesome to the owner as a good reputation.

Sir P. (digging him in the ribs). Ah, JOSEPH, you're a sad dog. But here comes your uncle, Sir OLIVER. I'll leave you with him. [Exit.]

Enter Sir OLIVER, reading a sheaf of legal documents.

Sir O. (reading). Eighty, one hundred and twenty, two hundred and twenty, three hundred pounds! Gad, the dog will ruin me.

Joseph. Sir OLIVER, your servant.

Sir O. (looking up). Eh? Is that you, Nephew. Yes, I remember. I sent for you.

Joseph. You are busy this morning, Uncle. I'll wait upon you another day.

Sir O. No, no, JOSEPH. Stay, and hear what I have to tell you. I sent for you



Old Stubbles (having pounded the swells). "AW—HAW——! LAUGH AWAY, BUT WHO BE THE ROIGHT SIDE O' THE FENCE, MASTERS?"

to say that I had decided to pardon your past misconduct and restore you to favour. Six months of CHARLES's society have convinced me of the folly of adopting a reprobate.

Joseph. I thought they would, Uncle.

Sir O. Your brother's extravagances pass all bounds. Here are four writs which were served upon him but yesterday. And the fellow has the assurance to send them on to me. (*Joseph laughs heartily.*) Zounds, Nephew, don't stand chuckling there. And his character has not reformed one whit, in spite of his promises. His flirtations with my Lady SNEERWELL and others are so excessive that MARIA has quite thrown him over, and the engagement is broken off. Add to this that I have paid his debts three times, only to find him contracting fresh liabilities, and you may judge that my patience is exhausted.

Joseph. But these are old stories, Uncle. You knew that CHARLES was vicious and extravagant when you made him your heir. He has done nothing fresh to offend you.

Sir O. On the contrary. He has done something which has hurt me deeply.

Joseph. How absurd of him, Uncle, when he knows that he is dependent wholly on your bounty!

Sir O. Wait till you have heard the

whole story. A week ago your brother came to me for money to meet some gambling debt. I refused him. Whereupon, he returned to his house, had in an auctioneer and sold everything that it contained.

Joseph (much amused). And did you play little Premium a second time, Uncle?

Sir O. (testily). Certainly not, Sir. On this occasion I left the rogue to settle matters for himself.

Joseph. But I see no great harm in this. Why should not CHARLES sell his furniture?

Sir O. (angrily). Deuce take his furniture. He sold my picture!

Joseph. What, "the ill-looking little fellow over the settee"?

Sir O. Yes.

Joseph. Ha! ha! ha! Delicious! Sold his Uncle's portrait! Gad, I like his spirit.

Sir O. You seem vastly entertained, Nephew!

Joseph. I confess the humour of the situation appeals to me.

Sir O. Happily for you I am less easily amused. No, no; CHARLES is a heartless scoundrel, and I'll disown him.

Joseph. No, no, Uncle. He's no worse than other young men.

Sir O. But he sold my picture!

Joseph. He was pressed for money.

Sir O. (exasperated). But he sold my picture!!

Joseph. He meant no harm, I'll be bound.

Sir O. (still more enraged). But he sold my picture!!!

[Enter Sir PETER hurriedly, looking pale and disordered.]

Joseph. My dear Sir PETER, you are ill! You have had bad news?

Sir O. Sir PETER, old friend, what is it?

Sir T. (gasping). Lady TEAZLE—

[Stops, choked with passion.]

Sir O. Not dead?

Sir P. Dead! Hell and furies! if it were only that! No; run away with your profligate Nephew CHARLES!

Joseph. Impossible!

Sir O. Is this certain?

Sir P. Aye. ROWLEY saw them driving together in a postchaise towards Richmond. not ten minutes ago.

Sir O. Then I disown him. JOSEPH, you are my heir. But see that you behave yourself or I'll disinherit you, too, and leave my money to a missionary society.

[Curtain.]

Q. Why does the pantomime at the Hippodrome remind one of a cricket-ground at Cambridge?

A. Because it is PARKER's piece.

A BALLADE OF DREADFUL DISEASES.

THOUGH the season of Christmas by right should be gay,
 Yet the outlook is certainly black,
 For most dreadful diseases will come in our way,
 Though the crackers may merrily crack.
 Though we claim happy days by consuming a stack
 Of mince-pies—and we all of us try—'tis
 Quite certain that few will avoid the attack
 Of some malady ending in "—itis."

Just to take an occurrence of every day,
 Which the wet weather brings in its track,
 A sore throat, with a rather bad cough, let us say,
 Of the kind that professes to "hack"—
 Well, the owner is cheerfully placed on the rack,
 For his doctor, ignoring his fright, is
 Afraid he'll be thought an incompetent quack
 If he doesn't say "Bad laryngitis!"

To this proposition, then, none can say nay,
 Of strange maladies there is no lack,
 And alcoholitis, the prophets all say,
 Will be prevalent during the "vac."
 For hundreds of people possessing the knack—
 I'm not quite prepared to say why 'tis—
 Love to talk by the yard, with a medical smack,
 Of their own or their friends somethingitis!

Envoi.

Boys, at Christmas take only a moderate "whack,"
 For the horrible truth which I write is
 That you can't have an old-fashioned bilious attack—
 You'll be laid up with plumpuddingitis!

NEW CENTURY GREETINGS.

THERE is reason to believe that some of the Ministers, unwilling that Lord LANSDOWNE'S French, so frequently mentioned, should seem to be the only linguistic achievement of the Cabinet, have written the following letters.

The Lord Priuy Seal to Count Bülow, Berlin.

GEEHRTETER FREUND, — Mein junger Freund LANSDOWNE schnitt uns alle hinaus mit seinem Französisch. Es ist wunderbar! Wenn jemand fragt warum er Foreign Secretary ist, antworte ich immer, "Weil er Französisch so erstaunlich, so meisterhaft, so prachttvoll spricht und schreibt." Viele Leute denken dass es nicht genug ist, und sie sagen es sind Kellner und Friseure welche zwei Sprachen sprechen. Sehr dumm, nicht wahr?

Sie wissen dass die meisten Minister meine Söhne, Neffen, und so weiter, sind. Die Familie CECIL unglücklicherweise spricht nicht Französisch wie LANSDOWNE. So muss er Foreign Secretary sein. Er ist nicht ein CECIL, aber er ist vielleicht ein connection. Wir sind alle connections. Und er spricht und schreibt Französisch wie ein Engel.

Ich finde es so kolossal wunderschön, dass ich die Grammatik von OLLENDORFF gekauft, gelesen, und gelernt habe, um Deutsch eben so gut zu schreiben.

Jetzt war ich im Begriff Ihnen meine herzliche Glückwünsche für das neues Jahrhundert zu schicken, aber ich erinnere mich dass der KAISER immer so previous ist, dass es in Deutschland ein Jahr zu früh begann. Also sage ich nur Auf Wiedersehen. Geben Sie meine Liebe zu dem KAISER. Ihr ergebenster Freund.
 SALISBURY.

From the First Lord of the Treasury to Señor Sagasta, Madrid.

MUY SEÑOR MIO, — Mi amigo LANSDOWNE puede escribir frances. Yo want to escribir español. Muy difficult. Yo don't like trouble. But must do something to check LANSDOWNE'S superior airs. Mi tio SALISBURY pensa no end of LANSDOWNE, and

his precious French. Spanish is useful now to translate "guerrillas," which even the *Times*, in a leading article, seems to think means men, as though we called the Boers "campaigns," or "raids." I know it ought to be "guerrilleros," porque yo aprendo español. Yo amo España, porque el rey es uno child, como yo. Yo dije en el House of Commons, "I am a child in these matters." ALFONZO y yo, nosotros both of us are children. Optimos deseos por el nuevo siglo. Can't exactly remember how they finish a letter in Spanish, but they put a lot of capital letters, so here goes. A. B. C. D. E. F.

ARTURO DIEGO BALFOUR.

From the Colonial Secretary to Signor Saracco, Rome.

ILLUSTRISSIMO SIGNOR, — Quando SALISBURY faceva tale un fuss circa il francese di LANSDOWNE—ed io credo che non è così mirabile dopo tutto; molte persone parlano francese, io anche —io andava a Napoli a studiare italiano. E insupportabile avere LANSDOWNE con tale arie, e sempre mettendo sopra tale un lotto di lato, perche parla francese. Adesso io parlo italiano, e LANSDOWNE è nowhere, è in nessun luogo, semplicemente bowled over, suona secondo violino, e prende una sedia di dietro.

Ebbene, io voglio mandare miei migliori augurii per il nuovo secolo, ed io ho l'onore essere vostro ubbidiente servente,

GIUSEPPE CHAMBERLAIN.

H. D. B.

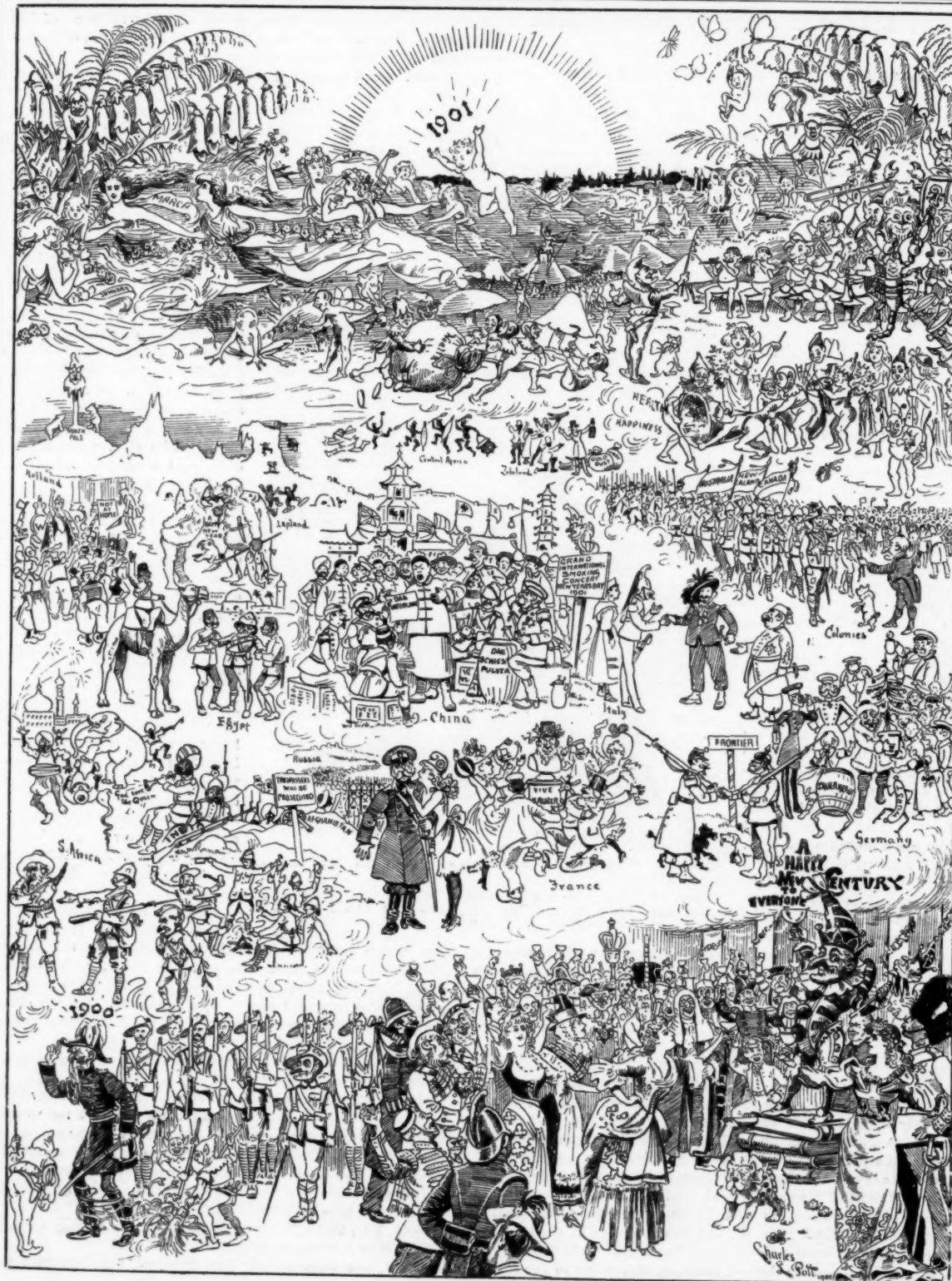
SHAFTO SECUNDUS.

(From Brown Minor to Thompson Minor.)

DEAR TOMMY, — I say, Ive bin out hunting! I bet you havent. Its a jolly site better than pantermes and partys and orl that rot. It is a rag, by Gove! My Arnt at Oakley that I was staying with, witch my Guvner sed was a fine hunting senter —Oakley I mean, not my Arnt—has 2 littel gray ponys she drives in a shase so I sed to the grume look here the old gal issent driving to-day and the ponys must be eksersized well if youle let me eksersize wun lle give you harf a crown I had wun left out of my Maters Christmas tip He sed Yes and sponse the Mrs found out—what ho! I sed wot rot, sheel never find out and ittle be an orfle rag, well he saddelled it and I rode to the meat 4 miles orf and saw 2 fellers in red cotes swaring at the hounds and making shots at them with thare wips and saying Arhar there! leaf it, will you! and a lot of rot like that so I undid the throng of my wip at leest it used to be the guvner's till I bagged it—and made a hughe wak at a hound and missd it and hit another feller in the eye he swore and calld me a littel retch I almost yeld larling. Then I went farther off and crakd my wip again but caught my ear a reglar stinger oh its beasely wen you do that. Well pressintly hounds went into a wood and soon a focks came out at leest I thought it was a focks and hollerd tally ho. I dunno what it means but it's the rite thing to do. But it wasent a focks but a hair and all the people sniggered witch is rather beasely for a feller.

Soon they found and away we went. I kept up orfly well —you shoold have herd the pony grunt! I got first into a narrow path through a wood and they tride to pass me and coodent I jest turnd round and cocked a snook at them they were wild I tell you. Then we got to a feeld and they orl passd me and soon after the pony stopt—and he coodent go on again! He pufed and garpsed and I got off and wondered wot was the matter. I sponse he wassent used to hunting, it took 3 hours to get him home My arnt sed whered I bin? and I sed Ide bin bikesling—and wen she drove the pony next day the littel beggar wanted to lie down she asked the grume why he was so tyred and he sed he thought it was sickenin for measells he is a liar that chap. No more news from
 Your own petickuler chum WOBBLER.

P.S.—The grume has just told me the ponys wurse and heel split—the grume, not the pony—if I dont give him anuther harf crown, this is rather beasely aint it?



THE SPIRIT OF PUNCH "HIC ET UBIQUE"

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS TO YOUNG RIDERS.

CHAPTER III.

(Of Scent—Of Adolphus Winterside, his dress, deportment, and conversation—His opinion of imagination and poets.)

WE will now put aside the reminiscences of childhood, and in imagination we will take horse on a fine hunting day (and as balmy as May), and make our way to the meet of the hounds. The sun is shining, a clear sun, striking jewels of light from the damp earth and the trees. There is refreshment in the air, though the month is December, and Nature looks as if she had taken a hearty shower-bath and forgotten to dry herself. As we near the trysting place our party increases, and cheery good-days are exchanged by the cavalcade. What is the chief topic? Why, of course, it is SCENT—not the entrancing essences supplied by the most eminent of our perfumers, but the elusive, baffling, unaccountable, subtle quality that makes or mars the success of a hunting day. Who is there that really knows anything about it? Who can say, without fear of finding himself flatly contradicted by the event, that in certain conditions of weather the scent will or will not be good? For hundreds of years men have been hunting in dry weather, in wet weather, in warm weather, in cold weather, when the fields are deep with moisture, and even when snow is on the ground (one of the most glorious runs I remember was over snow), and yet no one has been able to settle a formula, or even a series of formulae, which shall enable a man to foretell what the scent will be like when he takes the field. Are not learned articles every year in the *Field*, in *Baily's Magazine*, and in the *Badminton*, devoted to this subject, and can anyone, with all respect for the erudite and gallant authors say that, after reading them, his ignorance on this engrossing matter is one whit less extensive and peculiar? There is the fascination of it. Nobody knows, and, therefore, as to this point, at any rate, it is no vain boast to say that in the hunting field all men are equal.

But let us edge up to the young ADOLPHUS WINTERSIDE, one of the prides of our hunt, and note what he, the brilliant, the cocksure, the infallible sportsman has to say about it to the fair and lively Miss MIRABEL who is trotting by his side. But first observe the young ADOLPHUS well. See how easily, yet without any ramrod stiffness, he carries himself in his saddle; remark the sheen of his boots, the creamy richness of his tops, the gleam of his spurs, the fit of his scarlet coat, and the crisp, geometrical precision of his hunting tie with its unostentatious little gold fox-head pin. Remark his crop, and how he holds it, the thong circling round his hand not far from the loop. This man, you will say, should know the lore of hunting, the wiles of the fox, the virtues of a cast, for does he not come of a long line of

country gentlemen devoted to the chase? Has he not lived for sport from his earliest years, spending a great part of his boyhood in the mild and magnificent eyes of masters, of huntsmen and of whips? Hear him, then, as he converses.

Adolphus. Good morning, Miss MIRABEL. Ripping day, isn't it?

Miss M. Yes, quite lovely. I do so hope we shall get a run. We've only potted about from covert to covert the last three times I've been out, and never managed to get away.

Adolphus. Well, we're bound to find in Hollytree Wood. Never drew it yet without finding at least one fox; and as he'll probably make for Whitethorns we shall have a jolly

grass country with good clean jumping. Oh! yes, we shall get a run right enough—if the scent lies.

Miss M. Ah, of course; but isn't there sure to be scent on a day like this?

Adolphus. 'Pon my honour, Miss MIRABEL, you'd better ask me another, for I can't tell you. I remember days exactly like this, when a ton of aniseed spread out in front of their noses wouldn't have made the hounds give a sniff. You can't tell, that's a fact. Scent's one of those jolly mysterious things, like the what-you-may-call-'em calculus, or the maps with that old chap Mercator's projection. Lots of fellows talk about it, but jolly few under stand it. I don't for one.

Miss M. Oh, don't say that, Mr. WINTERSIDE. Why, I've been brought up to believe you know everything about hunting. You really mustn't disturb that belief. It's a sort of religion with me.

Adolphus (pleased but semi-suspicious). Now you're getting at a chap, Miss MIRABEL—pulling my leg, don't you know—

Miss M. I assure you, Mr. WINTERSIDE, I've learnt my manners far too well even to dream of doing such a thing. It wouldn't be at all ladylike. Besides, you know, 'who dares ADOLPHUS' boot displace must meet —' You know the rest.

Adolphus. 'Pon honour I don't, Miss MIRABEL. I never was one of your reading and poetry Johnnies. But I'm dead certain not one of your poets could tell you a thing about scent.

Miss M. I'm not so sure about that. Poets have imagination, you see, and that goes a long way.

Adolphus. I daresay it does, but (triumphantly) hounds haven't got any of that article about 'em, and they couldn't follow an imagination scent for nuts or toffee. So there we are again.

Miss M. Oh, Mr. WINTERSIDE, you're too brutally practical for anything. But then, I suppose we ought to remember, as Lord OVERTHWAITE said at the Primrose League meeting, that it is practical men who have made England what she is.

Adolphus. Yes, thank Heaven; we aren't all of us long-haired poets or talking fellows, or Johnnies of that sort.

And there, the meet having been reached, the conversation ended.



Domestic. "THERE'S A GENTLEMAN WANTS TO SEE YER ON BUSINESS."

Master. "WELL, ASK HIM TO TAKE A CHAIR."

Domestic. "HE'S TAKING 'EM ALL, AND THE TABLE TOO. HE COMES FROM THE FURNITURE SHOP!"